

# The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CAESAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

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## ODE.

BY G. D. STACY, JR. OF NEW YORK.

THE "HALL COLUMBIAN."

Hear! The morn in daisy buds,  
And Freedom's flag in sunny waves,  
And the sun's rays in the sky,  
While loud a Nation's voice replies:  
Huzza! to the auspicious day,  
Which brightly rose the star of CLAY,  
And high above the clouds  
The low of hope and promise cast,  
And low, by Freedom's temple,  
The remnant of Oppression's child,  
Chorus—Huzza, huzza, huzza,  
Let us dare the low-flying night,  
South shall soon a brighter day,  
"North" the star of Henry CLAY!

From mountain heights, not lowly vale,  
That trumpet war from the sky,  
And millions from their laboring  
To bid the shout of Freedom ring;  
And shout of Freedom ring;  
While yonder gleams the star of CLAY—  
Our Victor, who in might and arm,  
And for the best of Freedom's cause,  
The Constitution's banner flies,  
And Freedom's cause challenge ring.  
Firm, beneath, etc.

The former stars on his brow—  
The arms, with Freedom's flag,  
Beside his rising sun, and  
And, while the daisy buds  
He breathes a prayer, and bids the day  
When brightly rose the star of CLAY,  
Beneath whose wings the eagle flies,  
The Harvest fields soon be bright  
With Freedom's stars, and over the sea,  
Bear on the trumpet of the free!  
Firm, beneath, etc.

And not alone by Freedom's flag,  
Is heard that stirring trumpet strain;  
But from the heart of every man,  
And every woman's voice replies,  
What grateful millions bid the day  
When brightly rose the star of CLAY!  
And for the best of Freedom's cause,  
The Constitution's banner flies,  
With Freedom's stars, and over the sea,  
Bear on the trumpet of the free!  
Firm, beneath, etc.

## EDUCATION.

BY H. B. STACY.

Intellectual and moral education is the hope of our country. It is our principal safeguard against internal dangers, and enables us amidst the calamities of surrounding nations to flourish with unrivaled superiority. As our country is a cause of the highest moment—no correct education is one of deep and thrilling interest, for the acting generation, our wise and good men, our illustrious statesmen, must soon mingle with the common dust and our youth will then constitute this nation. On them will rest the responsibility of sustaining our political and religious institutions. The happiness and liberty of the American people will be committed to their trust, and their character will determine the destiny of our United States. Hence the youth ought and must be instructed for their approaching responsibilities. From America can never best her rightful sovereignty and nation, unless her sons and daughters shall bathe their glittering pearls of intellect in the deep pool of refined and polished literature. Her strength and glory depend on national intelligence. Men must be ignorant before they will be slaves. The fire of liberty will burn in nature's own altar in every American breast unless the intellect is darkened and degraded—this done and freedom is destroyed. Right education will also elevate the message and happiness of our civil government. By its magic power those ancient Republics, long venerated for their patriotic deeds and noble achievements in science and art, emerged from obscurity and stood for a time with exalted praise. But soon as their discipline was neglected, and silence and luxury fastened upon the minds of the people, dissensions followed, which ended in their total prostration. Their rich fountain of education was sealed, and the flame of their accomplishments is lost in the remnants of their ancient magnificence and beauty. The success and prosperity of our country demand that the youth, who will soon stand in the places which their fathers now occupy, shall be thoroughly taught in the elements of practical knowledge. Being thus prepared, they may safely guard our government and renewed institutions from the seizure of corrupt and aspiring men, by whom the people might otherwise be enslaved, and our entire fabric brought to ruin. But the political character of the present age is degenerated and needs to be purified, which can be done only by men properly instructed. Washington, when chosen unanimously by the people, with virtuous diffidence shrank from office, but at this day, nearly every man thinks himself qualified for almost any station, and a fool rush in where angels fear to tread. Consequently dangers beset us, which, unless removed, will prove injurious if not destructive to our Republic. On one hand, the disgraceful scenes enacted at our elections, the slander and vulgar flattery, the vicious combinations to delude the people, and, on the other, the prompt obedience of the people turned about like the unbelieved vessel at the mercy of every wind that blows, call loudly for a reform—a reform in mental and moral culture, unalloyed ambition struggling for dominion, and dangers originating from the conclusion of federal and State authorities, unless crushed by some mighty revolution, will destroy the honor and grandeur of our far-famed country. Anarchy and despotism will cause the fatal overthrow of father's land. Their voices will cry from the ruins of their once edified, and the soil of the patriot and valiant pilgrim, even in the ears of degenerate descendants, shall tell the "knell of departed liberty." But fortune will embrace us. Though we have no Washington to quell the raging storm, yet education can accomplish the glorious change. Extending knowledge to the young, who are about to tread in the ancestral footsteps, inspiring their minds with lofty conceptions, and kindling their souls with holy patriotism, our country will rise from dishonor to the highest dignity. Let science then be hailed with joyous acclamations and taught impede its votaries. —N. H. Statesman.

## THE REVENGE.

From the American Pioneer.

The interior part of this state is noted for its beautiful towns and villages. Being at a moderate distance from the beach of the sea, it affords facilities of improvement for all classes of the community, rarely to be found in this or any other country. The people taking advantage from the high position in which they have been placed by nature, exhibit the happy spectacle of peaceful and universal feeling. Having common interest in the welfare of those with whom they associate, they are joined in the bonds of friendship so strong that the ill of life rarely, if ever, interfere with the daily routine of duties. Not a few have passed through life, even till their backs became white with age, without scarcely knowing what trouble is, or that such a thing as disappointment exists.

The political bias that extend from time to time over our country, prostrating everything before it like the tornado, passes harmless over this section of the country, and is forgotten as soon as a breeze.

The village of Amadon is situated in a valley through the centre of which, a sluggish stream slowly winds its serpentine course toward the ocean, watering a succession of well cultivated farms; and upon it occasionally might be heard the resounding clash of machinery. Around the village a series of hills spread themselves out, whose craggy cliffs were only scaled by the trout school fish, as he escaped from the tedious hours of the "night of the red," and the reckless hunter, who, with rifle in hand, amused himself by destroying the wild inhabitants of the wood.

The town was tastefully laid out with houses on each side of the street, and in the rear beautiful gardens decorated with every kind of fruit and flower, grateful to the palate and pleasing eye. At the head of the street, a plain white church reared its unpretending spire; and next to it was the parsonage house, partly hidden under a profusion of shrubbery and flowers. At a quarter of a mile from this house, there stood a small neat cottage, which, with the garden in front, was almost entirely obscured by tall forest trees.

Here resided the widow, and son of Col. Morton, who had distinguished himself in the revolutionary war, and who had been well known in the region in which he dwelt, on account of his hospitality, and social disposition. Such was the village of Amadon, at the date of my story, some twenty years ago. Since that time, changes have been made, speculation with its ruthless hands has invaded the place, despoiled it of its former beauty, converted its gardens and orchards into streets, and houses, in compliance with the ill absorbing money making spirit of the times.

It was at the close of a beautiful Sabbath in the autumn of 1819, that the sun sat at the window of his mother's parlor gazing upon the widow, in times past had been familiar to him, but from which the last few years he had been separated. He had the day before returned from the neighboring city of N—, where he had graduated with the highest honors of his class. It was a lovely evening. The scenery of summer filled the whole heavens. The chirping of the birds, that had echoed over hill and vale, had ceased, and yielded to the silent, and dreary monotony of night. The sun had just sunk behind the mountains which terminated the view of the west, but his beams still beautifully tinged a solitary cloud that lay extended along the horizon. While in this situation, his thoughts reverted to the scenes and incidents of other days. He thought of the hours of his boyhood, and of the many incidents that had crowded into the narrow space of his existence. He thought, too, of the days of his father; how often he had sat upon his knee, and received the paternal embrace from those hands now pelted in death. A tear started in his eye at the remembrance of those events, and he sincerely hoped that he should be able to fill all the desires that a parent ever could have for a son.

By this time the shades of evening had spread over the face of nature, and the streets were filled with a promiscuous throng, some were going to the religious meeting, some to a walk, in order to walk away a lonely hour, and others still hastening to visit a companion, in whose society they felt the bewitching power of Cupid's flint arrow. Determined not to be alone, he left the room, hastened to the parsonage house, gave the minister's daughter an invitation to accompany him to the meeting, was accepted, and appeared among the most reverent in the house of God. That evening was the commencement of a new era in his existence. His acquaintance with Mary Davis, the parson's eldest daughter, extended to the time when they, in company, were found at the village school. There they clasped the butterfly together, and vied with each other in the sports of childhood. How often they were sorted so deep that the stream of active life were not able to cross it. Gossamer wings whirled in every circle, that the acquaintance of John Morton and Mary Davis was of the village of Amadon looked on with an anxious eye to ascertain the result of the connection. Mary had aspired to the honor of her hand, but had lacked courage to make the proposal, and now they feared their last opportunity was lost.

Three long years were recorded on the roll of being before they were united in marriage. It was on the Sabbath day that he offered her his arm and was accepted—it was to the house of God where her first acquaintance with him was on the Sabbath, at the house of God, that they were married—by the minister of the parish and the father of Mary. A beam of holy joy shone upon the countenance of the old man, as he went through the solemn yet interesting ceremonies. It was a happy day for him—the happiest day of his life. "I see my daughter united to one worthy of her affection and confidence."

But there was one in that assembly who was not an unconcerned spectator. His restless eye—his agonized appearance told full

well that something of no ordinary character harassed his mind. He watched, with eager eye, the couple retire from the church—saw them enter the parsonage house, and then hastened to his home. During the remainder of the day, but one sentence escaped his lips: "The secret of my heart shall soon be known!"

John Morton having gone through a course of study in a law school, set up practice in his native village. By his attention to business—by strict regard for morality—he soon became one among the most distinguished of his profession, and received the patronage of all the surrounding country. He remained in the practice of his profession until 1830, when, on account of ill health, he was compelled to retire from business. His arduous labors and constant employment, were upon his feeble frame, and he retired to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, unless his health should be again restored. Two children had been the fruit of their union. As a father, not a stern and exacting, but a kind and indulgent, he was respected by all who knew him. The wife of his bosom, was one who won the good will of her acquaintances, and as a mother, was respected and loved in the family circle. In short, up to this time, the family presented an example of initiation.

Alas! what a change now takes place. Where is that anxious young man, introduced to the reader at the church on the burial day? Alas! he still lives in Amadon. "Now is my time," said he, to pour out the vials of my wrath on that devoted couple! Sick, and his wife wasted his frame, and I will improve my opportunity." He did improve it. It was soon rumored that John Morton and his wife were guilty of the most flagrant crimes. Diets reports were in circulation and noised in the region round about. For a time they were not believed; but, alas! after a while, as is too often the case, when more reports came in, they began to resolve themselves into absolute reality.

The fair couple were now dreadfully looked upon and eyed. For three years they were miserable. Indeed, at the end of which time, James Morton was thrown upon a bed of sickness and death. One year before he died he called a friend to his bedside and made the following confession:

"The report about John Morton and wife, which I had not courage to make a proposal—I soon found out that I was too late, and from that moment the spirit of revenge took possession of my soul! I determined to injure them, regardless of consequences—and now I have my reward. A hell agitates my bosom—I must die with revenge—revenge! upon my soul!"

In one short hour he uttered, with the strength of a giant, "vengeance!"—and died!

The secret was now revealed. A consciousness of innocence had sustained the victims of the foul plot, and now they were restored again to favor. The community, which had been injured, and respected them the more; while for, who was their base calumniator, died, unwept, and his name only remembered to be despised.

Ten years have passed over the village of Amadon since the above events occurred. John Morton is still alive, surrounded by a lovely family and rejoicing with the cup of pleasure full. Respected by all who know them, their society is sought by the moral, the virtuous and the good of every class.

Since the time of our tale that peaceful village has not been disturbed by the enemy, nor the slumbers of night broken by the foul spirit of "revenge."

Reader, would you avoid a wretched and an infamous death, never let the spirit of revenge enter your breast. Remember that, for a time it may succeed, but it will finally fail, and in its overthrow it will crush to dust your character and your all. Your venom may for a time seem to cover, with the pall of death, an innocent victim, but eventually, it will recoil upon your own head with ten fold violence and destruction.

C. P. J.

## HOME AFFECTIONS.

The heart has memories that cannot die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. There are memories of childhood, early home. There is a magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light hearted boy swung in many a summer day, beyond the river in which he learned to swim, there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and found a parent's protection—now there is the room in which he romped with brother or with sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by you church, whither with a joyous troop little himself, he had often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even every school house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of leisure and tasks, now comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of many an attachment they formed, many an occasion that called forth some generous exhibition of the traits of human nature.

There he learned to tell some of his best emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness, in after life, has made a home for himself happier even than that which his childhood knew.

There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's friends. There is a sacredness in the privacy of that spot which it were a species of degradation to violate! He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a villain, and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode that man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested, where he may indulge a confidence that is not likely to be abused.

Some wag says, that Texas is "the land of the free and the home of the knave."

## DANA'S PRIZE ESSAY ON MANURES.

(Concluded.)

Manures Composed chiefly of Mould.

And now, reader, having been brought by this course of reasoning, to what the mould wants, [i. e. salts] consider what tons and tons of useless mould you have in your swamp muck and peat bogs, your hawthorn, and your turf mounds. All these, foot upon foot in depth as they lie, are truly vegetable mould, in a greater or less degree of decay. If you dig this up, and expose it to the air, it will set to work, decay is hastened, volatile matters escape, your ammonia, the master-spirit among manures, is severely forming and at work, warming and sweetening the cold and sour muck. Without further preparation, practice confirms what theory teaches, that this process alone furnishes from the soil kinds of valuable mould, a very good manure. It is already highly charged with all the salts which a plant wants. But experience, doubtless led by the light of good results of mixing mould with animal matter to preserve its strength, has also reversed the practice, and taught the utility of adding to vegetable mould, quickening salts; that is, either the volatile alkali, by composting the mould with stable manure, or alkali in the shape of ashes, or potash, or soda-ash, or lime, or a mixture of these. In fact, whatever substance can be by perfection given off volatile alkali, with must, and does, convert vegetable mould, of itself dead and inactive, into a quick and fertilizing manure.

If, then, reader, you pause here a moment upon this fact, and then cast your eye backward over the principles we have endavored to impress on your memory, you will perceive that there is not, among all the classes and kinds of manure which we have shown you, one which may not be added, or as the phrase, composted, with peat, meadow-muck, swamp-muck, pond-muck, or by whatever other name these great storehouses of vegetable matter are called. These are the true sources of abundant manure, to all whose stock of food, &c., is too small to give manure enough for the farmer's use.

It is the farmer's business to make a choice (if he has any but Hobson's) of what substance or mixture of substances he will use. We have shown him how small a portion of animal matter, one to ten of pure mould, will impregnate that substance. Taking then a cord of this swamp muck, we shall find it contains in round numbers, about one thousand pounds of real dry vegetable mould. So that the carcass of an animal weighing one hundred pounds, evenly well mixed up with a cord of fresh dug muck, will make a cord of manure containing all the elements and their amount too, of a cord of dung.

But it is not from the carcasses of animals that the farmer expects to derive the quickening salts for his muck. This can be the source of that power only to the husband, who fed his flocks with all they have, or to the dealer in fish, who, when fish is plenty, a barrel of shad-bait, or a will, furnishes a wagon-load of bone. The carcasses of these converts and fertilizes five or six cords of swamp muck. A cord of clear stable dung changes two cords of this same muck into a manure as rich and durable as stable manure itself. These are all the results, reader, of actual practice. The explanation of the principle has only come in since the practice, and showed the how and the why of this action.

But the mouth of explaining this action, would be, is nothing, if it did not conduct one step further. The explanation of the principle of the action of animal matters, animal matters of all kinds, whether solid or liquid, on muck or peat, has led chemistry to propose, where these cheap and common forms of quickening power are not to be had to mix ashes, or potash, or soda-ash with swamp muck. Now, reader, this is not an idle, visionary, book-farming scheme. It is perhaps one of the few successful, direct applications of chemistry to farming, which speaks out in defence of such book-farming, in tones and terms which bespeak your favorable consideration for the attempt, which science is making to lead you, reader, a helping hand. This proposal, the offspring of science, has been carried out successfully by practical men in our own country, and has made its way abroad. Though this is not the place to give you the details of their results, you may rely upon the fact, that alkali and swamp muck do form a manure of good value, in all soils, equal to stable dung.

Well now, after your patience in going over these pages, I hope you will find your reward in this statement. To be sure, it might have been said at once, and so have done with it; but I hoped, reader, and I am sure I have not been disappointed, that you liked to dive a little into the reason of things, and felt that you had learned too long by the rule of thumb, to be satisfied that it was the road either to improvement or profit.

So among your first attempts at improving your worn out lands, always supposing you have not a barn-cellar, logs, and swamp-muck, so aptly called by one of your own self-made practical men, the "farmer's locomotive," I presume you may like to know the proportions in which you may mix swamp muck and alkali. You can hardly go wrong here by using too little; the greater danger is, you will use too much alkali. But calculate on the proportion of mould in fresh dug swamp-muck, or peat, it may be stated as a rule, grounded on the quantity of quickening power in a cord of stable manure, that every cord of swamp muck requires eight bushels of common potash, or thirty pounds of white or soda-ash to convert it into manure equal, cord for cord, to that from your stable. Dig up your peat to the full, let it lay over winter to fall to powder, calculate your quantity when fresh dug, and allow nothing for shrinking in the spring; when your alkali is well mixed in with the mould, and after shoveling over for a few weeks, use it as you would stable manure.

These quantities of ashes and alkali are the lowest which may be advised. Three or four times this amount may be used with advantage, but both the quantity of alkali and the number of loads per acre, must and will be determined by each for himself. It is a

question of ways and means, rather than of practice. But supposing the smallest quantity of ashes or of alkali to be used which we have advised, then at least five cords of the compost should be used per acre. This may be applied to any soil, light or heavy. But there is another form of this same swamp muck and alkali, which should be used only on light, loamy, sandy soils, to produce its greatest benefit, though even on heavy soils, if not very wet, it may be used with great advantage. This is a compost of one cord of spent ashes to three cords of swamp muck. This is decidedly the best mixture which has yet been tried. We have in all that mixture of various salts and mould which plants want, and both by the action of the mould and by that of the air, the alkali of the spent ashes, which no leaching would extract, is soon lost, and produces all the effects of so much clear potash or soda.

I have thus, reader, given you a few of the ways by which you may convert your peat-bogs and swamps into manure, when you have neither cattle nor hogs. I have not thought it worth while to go into the matter further, and give you directions for lime and salt, or other matters which might be used. I have given you the most common, and those well known and at hand. All you want, then, to apply these principles of forming composts, is to give them that little attention which will enable you to understand them. And the rest must be left to your practical common sense, without some share of which, farming, like everything else, would be vainly and vexation of spirit.

I would here, reader, take my leave of you, and in the hope that we may again meet to have another talk. There are a great many other points relating to manure, which can be understood only after we have made ourselves somewhat acquainted with the chemistry of soil. Then, having explained that, before the full action of manure can be understood, we must proceed a step further, and consider what changes take place in growing crops and the effects of these growing crops upon soil and manure. The quantity and kind of soil, clay, sand, and loam, is exhausted. This would lead to the consideration of the quantity and kind of manure to be applied to different soils, and the value of different manures. But there is one other very important thing belonging to our subject. Crops exhaust land, but fatten manure. Now this last, properly belongs to that part of our subject relating to the changes occurring in vegetables, and their power of exhausting the soil. It will be seen, therefore, that the whole covers the ground called Agricultural Chemistry.

This Essay is only its first part. If it meets your acceptance, I trust it may encourage its author to draw up its second part on soils, and its third part on the effect of crops on soil, and their value as food for animals.

## IT WON'T DO.

It is curious how many thousands of things there are which it won't do to do upon the cozy planet of ours, where we eat, sleep and get our dinner. For instance—

It won't do to plunge into a low soil, relying wholly on the justice of our cause, and not equipped before hand with a brimming purse.

It won't do to tweak a man's nose or tell him lies, unless you are perfectly satisfied he has not spunk enough to resist it by blowing your brains out, or, (if you have no brains) cracking your skull.

It won't do when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being a "tail fired scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure he is not stiffer before you.

It won't do, when snow drifts are piled up mountain high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting as this winter, to ride out with a beautiful, lively, frost-bitten girl, and not expect to get scratched with her.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him on the head, to reach for an old nail in the presence of unnumbered ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a Legislature who are fed at the public table will sit at six weeks, when two thirds of the members have not capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a post, unless he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

It won't do when a misquippu bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist under an impression that you are killing the misquippu.

It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl is indifferent to him because she studiously avoids him in company.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him because she has always endured his company.

It won't do when in a hurry, to eat snags with a two-pronged fork, or try to catch flies with a fish net.

It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty free till you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply implicitly with her request when she asks you, "now trouble over the cradle and break your neck my dear, won't you?"

It won't do to take hold of a hair-trigger pistol during a fit of the blues.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair while "the back counties remain to be heard from."

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after a lady has said "No."

It won't do to extol the beauty of a lady's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to another lady's head.

It won't do to go barefoot in winter to get rid of trouble from corns.

It won't do to take every man to do that you would like to, even if so to do would be to do a favor. It won't do.—Yankee Blade.

## HORRORS OF WAR.

Little Onclandry is a library of the Chinese war just published, gives the following description of a scene that awaited the English troops at the successful storming of Chinke-ang-ton. In almost every deserted house, the children had been mangled murdered.

"The bodies of most of the hapless little children who had fallen sacrifices to the enthusiasm and mad despair of their parents were found lying within the houses, and usually in the chambers of the women as if each father had assembled the whole of his family before consummating the dreadful massacre; but many corpses of the boys were lying in the street, amongst those of horses and soldiers, as if an alarm had spread, and they had been stabbed while they had been attempting to escape from their ruthless parents."

"In a few instances these poor little sufferers were found the morning after the assault, still breathing, the life of life ebbing slowly away, as they lay writhing in agony of a broken spine, a mode of destruction so cruel that, but for the most certain evidence of its reality, it would not be believed."

"In one of the houses the bodies of seven dead and dying persons were found in one room, forming a group which for looks of horror was perhaps unequalled. The house was evidently the abode of a man of some rank and consideration, and the delicate forms and features of the sufferers denoted them as belonging to the higher order of Tartars. On the floor, extending in vain to put food with a spoon into the mouths of two young children extended on a mattress, writhing in the agonies of death, caused by the dislocation of their spines, sat an old decrepit man, weeping bitterly, as he listened to the piteous moans and convulsive breathings of the poor infants, while his eye wandered over the ghastly relics of mortality around him."

On a bed near the dying child, lay the body of a beautiful young woman, her limbs and apparel arranged as if in sleep. She was still, and had been long dead. One arm clasped her neck, over which a silk scarf was thrown, to conceal the mark in her throat, which had destroyed her life. Near her lay the corpse of a woman somewhat more advanced in years, stretched on a silk coverlet, her features distorted and her eyes open and fixed, as if she had died by poison or strangulation. There was no wound upon the body, nor any blood upon her person or clothes. A dead child stretched through the neck, lay near her, and in the narrow verandah, adjoining the room, were the corpses of two more women, suspended from the rafters by twisted cloths wound round their necks.—They were both young—one quite a girl—and her features, in spite of the hideous distortion produced by the mode of her death, retained traces of their original beauty sufficient to show the lovely mould in which they had been cast."

In the death of the Tartar chief in command at this disastrous business, there was undoubtedly a savage grandeur and it has had its due share of praise; but if other actions of the man were known, this particular one might lose something of its gloomy lustre. His name was Hail-ling.

After bringing his troops, he had mounted his horses, and placing himself at their head, led them to the ground upon which their desperate attack upon the 15th and 19th regiments was made; thence seeing that the main defences of the town were in our possession, and that the day was irretrievably lost, he returned to his house, and calling for his secretary, desired him to bring his official papers into a small room adjoining an inner court of the building, where deliberately seating himself, and causing the papers with a quantity of wood to be piled up around him he dismissed the secretary, set fire to the pile, and perished in the flames.

In the apartment where this strange example of barbarian heroism had been enacted, Mr. Morrison found among some heaps of ashes and half-consumed wood, evidences of the awful sacrifice which had been so deliberately consummated, amply sufficient to corroborate the tale of his informant; the skull of the General was yet unconsumed, and the bones of the thighs and feet, though partially charred, retained enough of their original form and appearance to be recognizable. The floor of the room was paved, and the flames had consequently not extended beyond the pile of fuel.

Thus perished this brave man, whose devotion for his country rendered him, to quote the words of Sir Henry Pottinger's proclamation, "worthy of a nobler and a better fate."

WOMAN—Woman, woman!—truly she is a miracle.—Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, weariness, and something of folly—amused by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose-bud. But real calmness comes, rouse her affection, unkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then.—How her heart strengthens itself; how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a birth, any thing she loves or prizes, to protect, and see her, as in a related instance, raising her white arms as a shield, and as her own blood flows from her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing; she disputes inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE HARBOR.—"Villainous subject!" it seems, is about to be introduced even in the whale fishery. A new harpoon has been invented by a Mr. Albert Moore, of Maine, the fluke and shank of which open by a hinge, and admit the introduction into the fluke, and under the shank, a small vial of explosive powder, which is then shut up and fastened by a wooden pin. As soon as the harpoon is thrown into the whale, the wooden pin is broken by the force of the whale pulling upon the tow line, the fluke opens, the turning of the hinge breaks the vial, and produces friction, the powder explodes and kills the whale.—N. Y. American.

## GAMBLERS.

A man who has gone over a great part of the world, returned at length home from his travels, his friends came and requested him to relate what he had seen. "Listen," said he; "between hundred miles beyond the country of the Horrors, there are men whom I thought very strange;—they frequently sit at table until late in the night; there is no cloth laid, they do not wet their mouths; lightnings might flash around them; two armies might be engaged in battle, even the sky might threaten to crash them in its fall, they would remain unmoved on their seats, for they are deaf and dumb. Yet now and then they escape from their lips a half-broken, unmeaning and unmeaning sound; and they horribly add their eyes at the same time. I often stood looking at them with astonishment, for whenever sitting takes place, people frequently go to witness them. Believe me, brethren, I shall never forget the horrible extortions which I there saw. Despair, fear, malicious joy, and anguish, were by turns visible in their countenances. Their rage, I assure you, appeared like that of the furies—their gravity that of the judges of hell—and their anguish that of 'molefactors.' But what was their object? 'They attended perhaps, to the welfare of the community? 'Oh, no! 'They are seeking the philosopher's stone? 'You are mistaken.' 'They wish to discover the quadrature of the circle? 'No.' 'They do penance for old sins? 'Nothing of all this.' 'Then they are mad; if they neither hear, nor speak, nor see, what can they be doing? 'They are gambling!'"—[Lecheur.

Ten Reformed Crows.—The following piece of drollery is found in a late Illinois paper: "Colonel B— has one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About one hundred acres of it are now covered with waving ears. When it comes on in the spring the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral; and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The Colonel at length became weary of throwing stones and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over his field. The blacklegs came and partook with their usual relish, and as usual they were pretty well content; and such a cooing and crackling—such a strutting and swaggering.—When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait, and their zig-zag way through the air.—At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a recruit which happened to be sober, they united at the top of their voices in low-law-hawing and shouting either praises or curses of alcohol; it was difficult to tell which, as they tattled away without rhyme or reason. But the Colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadily against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field, but it should contain the accursed thing, while they went and pulled up the corn of his neighbors. They have too much respect for their character, black as they are, again to be found drunk."

SMUGGLING EXTRAORDINARY.—Last week an instance of smuggling on a large scale was detected in Liverpool.—A respectable firm in the town had consigned to them 450 barrels of rosin from New York, the proceeds to be handed to a third party coming over, who arrived by another vessel a few days before the consignment arrived. The showed much anxiety that nine barrels (particularly marked) should be delivered to himself, and some suspicion having consequently arisen, the customs officers, to check his importances, said the whole should be examined by the proper revenue officers. That evening he wrote to the consignees, stating that he had departed for London, and desiring that the particular cask described should be stored for him, and not sold or bonded with the others. The nine barrels were examined by the officers, and found to contain tobacco inside the rosin of fine quality, and each in tin—the aggregate weight about 1000lb., of which the duty to be evaded would be about £500. No blame attaches either to the master or mate of the vessel, but has since we learn been released. The party who came to receive the proceeds and the nine barrels is said to be a Kentucky trader.

INTERESTING OF A LOST CHILD.—We learn that a little boy, the child of a New Englander, near the Bowdoin in Smythe county, Pa., aged two years (in February), wandered from home on the 27th of last month, and was not found for five days. Diligent search was made by a large number of people, sometimes reaching as far as 200 miles. The child was at length found in a hole in the snow running from Walker's Mountain, and about one mile from home. It had sought a shelter under the side of a log, where from appearances it must have been the whole time—it had a bed of leaves; over it was a spring, where it had gone for water, which was the only sustenance the child could have had in its long stay. The child knew its parents and exhibited no signs of fear and we learn is doing well. How strange! has the child been preserved and kept in life! But for the supply of water it must have perished.—Wayville Republican of the 5th inst.

PROSECUTING TO GOLD.—The late Hillsborough (N. C.) Recorder says: "We have seen a lump of gold ploughed up a few days since in a field belonging to Mr. John Paul, five miles west of this place. It weighed two and a half pennyweights, was totally detached from any grosser substance, and is a specimen of pure native gold."

One of our neighbors says, the democracy are bound together by hooks of steel! This is something akin to Calhoun's opinion, that they were bound together by the cohesive power of hook and steel!—Phil. Forum.

LONGEVITY OF TREES.—The following trees are calculated to live about—elm, 300 years; cypress, 350; cheiron-lemon, 400; larch